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Tranque. No 27.

1.16.1904 to 3.5.1904.



As we passed the swamp Mr. W. spied an owl. It was quite a large one, perched on a tall dead tree stump. The swamp looked pretty and if the descent to it had not been so very steep we would have descended and made an investigation. As it was Mr. W. thought he would descend and see the owl. As he descended, however, and while we were not looking at it, it flew away. He, therefore, came up again and we went onward to the river and the bridge. In the little house near the semaphore lived the night watchman, Mr. Stuckeom. We spoke to Mrs. S.; we hoped to learn a little of the immediate neighborhood from her, but she seemed to know very little. She told us she had only recently come to the place. A small pier is being built to the bridge. She told us it would be used during the summer, a steamer was to run from it to South River. The large county bridge could be seen not far away, so also the large buildings of the Naval Academy, and the cupula of the State House. We were very much pleased with the place and shall visit it again during the spring and summer. It was noon, so we decided to return and find a suitable place for our camp. This we did ~~it~~ in the woods immediately before reaching W. To secure water for coffee, we melted snow. In melting the snow we noticed that as it melted it appeared tinged with yellow.

What is the cause? Our first kettle of water, when almost boiling, accidentally rolled down the hillside and necessitated our doing this work over again. It was six minutes of three when we started on our return to R. B. Just north of W. is a nice little camp, built of railroad ties. In the camp two tie serve as seats. The little shelter is about 5 ft high, open to the south; the roof slopes to the north and covers a space about 6 ft square. The roof, built of tie placed side by side, is covered with about a foot of soil, now grown over with plants. The north side is completely covered, the east side to a height of about 2 ft. The west side was covered likewise but had fallen over. We had examined this little camp in the morning so paid only a short visit to it on our return. A plant that attracted our attention to day almost everywhere was *Celastrus scandens*. We were already beyond Arnold station, when seeing some of this plant a short distance away, on the county road, we went to it. The road seemed to be easier to walk on than the railroad so we decided to walk along it. We found it very pleasant. All along the road sides grew *Celastrus*. We soon reached Revell station. Here a shooting-match was in progress and here we met a Mr. Will Barnett who lives on the Mayberry. He told us of a farm adjoining his of over 100 A. that

could be had for \$5.00. It is wooded and the timber on it is worth at least \$15.00. He asked us to come down some time to see it. He would be pleased to show it to us. We talked some little time with Mr. B. and then proceeded onward along the road which here crosses the track and runs between it and the river. The road here is beautiful, occasionally the river comes in full view, and it is wooded almost continuously on both sides. We reached R. B. 8 minutes before 5 o'clock. No doubt we can walk from R. B. to W. in an hour and a half. From R. B. we proceeded to Robinson's keeping along the road. At Bonn it again crosses the railroad and proceeds east of it. We arrived at R. about half past five. Here we awaited the train. Just before reaching R'e we had a beautiful view of the mountain and Mountain Rd just east of the Mayorthy. Occasionally the Mayorthy came in full view and once we could see the Mayorthy east of it. we and the Seven west of us. We were quite pleased with our trip.

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January 16, 1904. A trip with Mr. W. and Mr. F. Mr. F. astonished us yesterday by saying that he would accompany us on our trip to-day. We had invited him a number of times before but he had never accepted the invitation. When I arrived at the terminus beyond Batsonville he and Mr. W. were already there. It was cloudy, but I did not expect

rain, besides our Weather Bureau had predicted fair weather. Mr. W., however, thought it might rain as he had observed that the wind was from the east. Snow is found almost everywhere. The roads are still in excellent sleighing condition. Because of the snow on the ground we were undecided whether to go through the woods or down Hilton Av. We finally decided to go through the woods, along the path to the tunnel. Everything went nicely until we were beyond V's. and were about to enter the ravine. Mr. W. then thought that perhaps it would be wiser to go over to Hilton Av. instead of walking through the untrudged snow. But seeing a path leading to the right in a direction we had never taken, I suggested that we follow the path. It took us to a little homestead down in the hollow, but seeing a path leading away from the house we followed it and it took us to the pump-house. This little walk was very interesting and well worth repeating. From the pump-house we followed the path to the tunnel. At the \$ spring, I took the temperature of the water, it was  $8^{\circ}\text{C}$ . or about  $46^{\circ}\text{F}$ . We now noticed that it was hailing. Before long it stopped and it looked as if the sun might shine, but soon after, it was hailing again and then it continued until we reached the tunnel. When we reached the path leading to Yule Camp, Mr. W. thought we

might visit the place. This we did and then returned to the path. Before long we were at the tunnel. We entered it and thought of going through to Ilchester. We entered and proceeded a short distance then decided to return for it was quite dark, and the path was in no good condition. We were almost back to the entrance when seeing a man coming with a light we stopped to await him. We found him quite an intelligent man. Hearing that we thought of going through the tunnel he kindly offered to direct us. He told us quite a number of interesting things. The tunnel is 1400 ft. long, the distance along the river is three times as long; it is 30 ft. wide at the base. More than \$50,000 worth of timber has been used in its construction. The labourer gets \$1.50 a day, the bricklayer \$8. There are five bricklayers and each can lay 6000 bricks a day, requiring 6 labourers each to supply them with material. He expects to have tunnel finished, ready for the laying of tracks in about 3 weeks. As the <sup>earth</sup> tunnel is dug out the sides and roof of tunnel are prevented from caving in by means of heavy timbers. Immediately in front of the timbers is built the thick wall of bricks. Behind the brick wall and between the timbers are piled large pieces of rock and cement is forced in under pressure so as to fill up all interstices. The tunnel at one place is 172 ft below the surface of the hill. We learned that the man

who acted as guide was the superintendent. When we left the tunnel we saw on the hillside a little house, he told us, it was there that they stored the dynamite. He told us that at the main magazine they had a man, constantly watching, who was paid \$100 a month. This man had a Winchester rifle and watch everybody closely that approached the magazine. We were shown where the new station would be and also, how and where the new road would run. From I we went along the River Rd to a spot opposite our ravine. Here we crossed the river and entered the culvert. How thick the ice is on the river, we hardly know, but it must be over 6 inches. As we walked along the River Rd it was raining constantly and quite hard. As soon as we entered the culvert we put aside our traps and searched for wood. We got together a nice supply and then started the fire. Notwithstanding that it was very wet, we soon had it burning. Coffee was prepared and oysters and fish warmed. An old railroad tie served as a seat. We enjoyed our dinner very much and remained under shelter for nearly two hours. It was about two o'clock, when we, after having got quite dry, started onward to Orange Grove, Aviston, and Stony Run. At O.G. we met Mr. P. He had caught two fine rats, there we took along for the college. When a short distance beyond O.G.

it stopped raining and the rest of the day it was only cloudy. At Avalon we crossed the river, here several little birds were heard. The railroad watchmen said they were wrens. He said he called them weather-birds for when they fly in the tree tops it is clear, but when they fly close to the ground it rains. The watchman's box is only a recent improvement. From A. we proceeded to Patapsco and then along Stony Run. We hoped to find Skunk Cabbage, but it soon became too dark to go onward so we decided to return to P. This we did and here we awaited the train. We took the train to London Park and there we took the car for home. I arrived home at 7 P.M.

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January 23, 1904. Again with Mr. W. and Mr. F. We met at the terminus of the Wilkins Av. electric line. It was raining and continued to do so more or less till noon, during the remainder of the day it was cloudy. There has been quite a change in the temperature. For weeks we have been having freezing weather, the thermometer seldom rising even to freezing point. On Thursday, however, it became quite warm, the wind blowing from the east and south-east, and cloudy. Yesterday it was still warmer, the thermometer went up to 58°. With the warm weather came fog and plenty of rain. The ground being frozen, the rain did not sink into it, but ran off, flooding the streams. We hoped to-day to go to the pavimons

\* Mr. P. found it in Brooklyn on Jan. 1.

place, and from there to Stony Run to see if Skunk Cabbages were in bloom. When Mr. W. and I arrived, we found Mr. P. already there. We proceeded to the B & P. railroad tracks, then along the tracks to Arbitus. From A. we proceeded to Avalon, where we crossed the river. On the road beyond Arbitus we found Calostoma quite abundantly. The little streams that we passed were raging torrents. We observed that the old Sulphur Spring hotel is being gradually demolished. On the Cannon Rd. I found a nice cluster of living fungi. It <sup>was</sup> belonged to one of white-spored Agarics. The filum was of a brownish orange color and very viscous. The largest specimen in the cluster was about 2 in. in diameter, but the other were of various size down to mere buttons. I think it a species of Tricholoma. Nearly opposite to the spot where the fungi grew, we stopped to admire the lichen-covered trunk of a dead tree. (The lichens, to-day, were in all their glory and we stopped frequently to admire them). Just as I stopped before the tree, I saw a little furry animal crawl rapidly up between the bark and the trunk, and pass a small opening. It must have been a field mouse. At the railroad crossing at Avalon, we stopped a few moments to chat with the watchman. As we crossed the river at A. we observed several women, anxiously looking over at the rushing waters, later we well-understood their

anxiety. Just as we crossed the bridge we met a man coming from the direction of O. B. he told us the road was impassable and verified the statement, that the bridge <sup>at</sup> ~~of the watchman~~ O. B. had been carried away. It was now nearly noon, so we thought we would find a spot to camp. At the dam of the Catonville Water Works, the rushing and raging of the water was something awe inspiring. The earth trembled. The <sup>ice under</sup> large bank on the road is being washed away and as it washes away the road-way above caves in; fortunately most of it is solid rock. Beyond the dam, one could see the ice. As we wished to go to the Perriman Place, we thought it might be well to go up the road leading to H's, and this we did. Mr. W. first filling his kettle with water. The road-way was quite slippery and we found walking up the hillside quite fatiguing, slipping about, as we did, on the ice. The firm prominently raised foot-prints of some former pedestrian were observed all the way up. When once in H's place we turned to the right keeping along the hill-top until we came to the Perriman Place. Here we camped. We had just collected our wood and we were ready to start the fire, when we heard the barking of hounds. Soon they came into sight and with them a hunter on horseback. When he saw us, he got off his horse and came towards us, leading the horse by the bridle.

He was a neighbor of Mr. H. and was out with the dogs (24 of them) simply for exercise. When he left us, we started our fire, prepared coffee and ate our dinner. After dinner we got some Precimino and then started for the Run Rd. We took the broad path but it lead to an abrupt precipice, quite beautiful and a fine camping place.

We enjoyed our trip down the hillside. At the foot of the hillside large blocks of ice were seen in various positions in the road-way. Just as we were about to step in the road we saw Mr. Nomin. Mr. N. was investigating the condition of the road. Hearing that we thought of going to Stony Run for Shunk Cabin, he told us he remembered finding some a short distance down the road and he would show us the place. We, therefore, went with him but when we reached the place we found it covered with silt. Mr. N. told us that the road was in a dreadful condition and advised us, unless we were obliged to go that way, to turn back. As we were most anxious to see the wrecked bridge we decided to go onward. We soon found that Mr. N. had not exaggerated the difficulty of the undertaking. For more than a mile we had to walk along the slope of the hillside. At no time is this an easy undertaking, but to-day with the ground frozen and covered with ice, it was almost hazardous.

Sometimes the cliffs would rise almost perpendicularly, sometimes we

were obliged to go high up to pass rocky boulders, at other times far down to cross a ravine. To-day, the River Rd was occupied by the river and had we slipped at any time we would have fallen into the rushing waters. When Mr. N. left us he told us that he had seen a stranded fish in one of the pools along the roadside. We looked for it but failed to see it. Just as we passing the most difficult spot, where a side stream came down the hill side and had cut almost perpendicular banks, Mr. N. overtook us, he had with him the large stranded fish - a carp fully 18 inches long. We had now passed the most dangerous part of our trip. Another quarter mile, in which there was a little less of going "on all fours" and we were again on the road. As we reached the road we saw that the river had been much higher at least 6 ft. higher. Every thing went smoothly until we reached B's at O.S. just opposite the mill. Here one could see what gigantic force had been at work, no wonder the bridge was taken away. Ice piled everywhere, the huge cahors 18 inches thick were piled one on top the other to a height of 15 ft. or more. The mouth of the little streamlet at B's was choked up and the foot-bridge was pushed far from the road and in its place

and in the road was piled ice to the height of four feet. To get around we were obliged to pass through B's. Immediately below the spot where the bridge was, was now a second dam, one of ice and between it and the dam of the mill was a large deep lake. The fall of the water from the river above the dam to this lake was no more than 2 ft. Possibly this morning when the water were higher there was here but one large lake. The shed in the yard adjoining the mill, had one side demolished; it showed how high the river must have been. The large meadow in which stands that pretty willow is to-day piled high with ice possibly to the height of 7 ft. for it <sup>reaches</sup> to the lowest branch of the tree. From O. L. we went to Ilchester. Here in one place we were again obliged to go along the hillside, this time on account of the ice piled in the roadway. Once past this ice heap and we had plain sailing. I do not remember ever seeing the river in so turbulent a condition. From I. we proceeded along the Thistle Glen Rd to Frederick Rd and then along Frederick Rd to the car terminus. It was then about 6.30 P.M. and an hour later I was home. Notwithstanding our strenuous work we enjoyed our trip immensely. As we were riding homeward, we no longer wondered at the anxiety of the

women on the bridge at Avalon.

516.

January 30, 1904. A trip along the Patapseew from Brooklyn to Patapseew station, then along the B. & P. R.R. to Wilkins Av., where we took the car for home. We <sup>met</sup> <sup>Mr. W., Mr. F., and myself.</sup> met in Brooklyn at 8.30 A.M. The day was beautifully bright but cold. During the past week it has again been cold and the river is again frozen tight. Yesterday and the day before it snowed, it snowed almost continuously for 36 hrs., so the ground was covered with about a foot of snow. Mr. F. and I were well protected against the snow for we had on ~~the~~ rubber boots, but Mr. W. with his rubber shoes and low shoes was not. It therefore was our privilege to go foremost so as to make a trodden path for him. The circumstance recalled to Mr. W. a verse from Heine

Hahnemann, geh du voran,  
Du hast die gezogen Stiefel an.  
Dassy dich das Ding nicht besiegen kann.

Mr. F. and I were, therefore, the "Brüder Hahnemann". As already stated the sun was shining beautifully when we started on our trip, not a cloud was to be seen; the sky was beautifully blue and there was practically no wind. We soon found ourselves in Fairyland. The snow rested everywhere. How beautifully it decorated the trees, but they were not dec-

\* These looked like ripe cotton, filled as they were with a large lump of fleaky snow.

ated only with snow. Hoar frost had also been called upon to assist, and most grandly had he done his work. The most delicate spray of the tree was clothed with the pretty feather crystals of his handiwork. It was, he, too, that had decorated the grassy shrubs, the dried up dead stalks of last year's annuals, the golden-rod, the bonesets, the wild canot, etc. etc., even the dried grasses, nothing, be it ever so fine and delicate, escaped him. As we were anxious to see as much of the river as possibly we decided to enter McC.'s. The avenue here, ~~as~~ with its double row of Maples so gracefully dressed looked superb. "What a pity," I said, <sup>to me</sup> "that you did not bring the camera as you had contemplated" Mr. F. Thompson, showed me a pretty Kodak, that he borrowed for the occasion. It was loaded with a dozen films and he had besides 3 more cartridges each containing a dozen films. A little cottage on the right side of the avenue was first taken, and then the avenue itself. At every step we took, beautiful scenes peered themselves upon us, and it was with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from them and moved forward. The wild grasses with their pretty delicate crystals glistening in the sunlight, I think, looked prettiest of all. As one looked through the feather pincers, a crystal

here could be seen sparkling in red, another there in green, another in yellow and so on. Everything went nicely, until we passed the trodden path and began to make our way through the untrodden snow. Mr. W. then found that it would be impossible for him to follow, notwithstanding that the "Brüder Hahnemann" went "voran". He, therefore, said he would go back to the road and would meet us later. I was very anxious to go along the river path, not only because it was puttin them along the road, but also, because I wished to collect a few specimens of Skunk Cabbage. Mr. F. did not know which way to go, whether with Mr. W. or with me, he finally decided to go with me. Our first pretty sight was the pretty appearance of the large Willow Oak and the Willow. Mr. F. exposed 3 films on them. The path along the river was certainly in its puttin away to-day, nowhere was there anything to displease the eye. When we reached the little ravine we entered it and I went to the place where I expected to find the Skunk Cabbage and sure enough there it was in abundance. Most of the spathes were covered with snow and the casual observer would no doubt have passed them without seeing them. I got 4 specimens for Mr. W. In one of the spathes was a epiderio-web. We now hurried onward nevertheless, the taking of pictures took considerable time. A dozen exposures were

\* The railroad bridge near Brooklyn was thought to be in danger last Saturday & the railroad company had 30 large cars each with 50 tons of coal placed upon it to keep it in position.

soon made, so we removed the exposed film and in its place put a new cartridge. It was past 10 o'clock when we reached the road. We now were on the look out for Mr. W. but he had gotten far ahead of us and we did not overtake him until we reached Poughkeepsie, where he said he would await us. The road was very pretty and Mr. F. took several pictures. The Tulip-tree, to-day looked beautiful, their pretty candelabra-like fruits ~~heaped~~ heaped high with snow. Not far from P's we passed a pretty Clartus scandens laden with fruit. At P's we met Mr. W.; he had been there about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. and was drying his feet. After they were dry, he wrapped them in burlap. This kept them fairly comfortable. Mr. Czolba the station-agent is quite a stout little fellow and we found him very good-natured. In the store, we met the watchman of the <sup>railroad</sup> bridge; he was on the look-out for the ice floes, as yet the ice is still above the county bridge. This bridge has been considerably damaged and no teams are allowed to drive over, 9 piles have been cut out by the ice. It was now noon, the trees still retained their snow, but the pretty frost-work had disappeared. We followed the road along the river, passed the masonry, and finally reached the Hammonds Ferry Rd. west of Wades bridge about a mile from Landomon.

Here we asked how far it was to Elkhridge and were told 6 miles, a short distance farther on we asked again and were told  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. We have found a pretty enough road so decided to camp. After considerable trouble we had a fire built, coffee was then soon prepared and dinner eaten. After dinner we continued our trip. Meeting a young fellow we asked him how far it was to E. and he told us  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles if we follow the path he had taken. This we did. Just at the point where the road turns sharply towards the south, we left it and followed the path around the hill and past the new house, through a pretty glen, up hill, down hill and finally through Patapsco. Several willow-gardens were passed, all of them pretty and no doubt interesting also from the botanist's standpoint. We hope to visit the place again in spring. Arrived at P. we followed the railroad tracks. Just as we <sup>had</sup> crossed the bridge across the Patapsco the sun set. Before we reached Arbister, the moon was shining in all its splendor and we now had opportunity to see the pretty winter landscape in moonlight. From beginning to end the day had been one of pleasure. Not a cloud marred the sky at any time. We reached London Park station shortly after 7 o'clock and a few minutes later the terminus of the Wilkinsburg & Elkhorn line. It was 8 o'clock when I reached home.

February 6, 1904. A trip from Mt. Winans to Lansdowne, along the B & O R.R. then by way of Sulphur Spring Rd and Cannon Rd's to Antrim, then along Runn Rd to Dickeyter, and to Catonville by way of Thistle Elm Rd. I left home about 8 a.m. and walked along the railroad tracks to Mt. W. where I met Mr. W. & Mr. F. about 8.30.

The weather was delightfully spring-like. The Weather Bureau had predicted rain for the day, but at the time <sup>of meeting</sup> the sun was shining. Late in the day, about noon, it rained a little, hardly enough, however, to dampen our clother. As we passed the little swamp at the intersection of Washington & Sulphur Sp. Rd's we stopped a moment to look at the *Hydrodium*. I found it without difficulty. Mr. F. had never seen it before, so was much pleased to see it. *Botrychium ternatum* was also found and in the spot near the road several patches of *Symplocarpus foetidus*. Most of the specimen showed the effects of frost. One very nice specimen was tested with a thermometer, we wished to see if the temperature inside the spathe was warmer than outside; but the air to-day was unusually warm, and it was actually colder in the spathe. Had I found a very nice spathe, I should have noted the difference in temperature inside the spathe, and outside in the surrounding soil.

It was noon, by the time we reached the old hotel, so we stopped to eat

dinner. A fire was built in the old fire-place of pine of larch. The kettle filled with snow was hung from a stout pine of vine. The old house proved an ideal camp. No smoke at all! As soon as enough snow had been melted, the kettle was closed, the water brought to a boil, and coffee was prepared. It was a little past one o'clock when we were through with dinner and ready to start for the Potapew. Just as we were ready to start we had our little shower. It did not last long though and by the time we reached the river the sun was again shining. On Cannon Rd we met Mr. S, we had not <sup>seen</sup> met him for a long time. After a little chat with him, we proceeded to Avalon and crossed the river. The people of A. and particularly those of O.B. are living in daily fear that with the melting of the ice, the water will rise sufficiently to flood away their homes. It was to again get a view of the ice gorge that we took made this trip. We soon reached that part of the road that was flooded on our last trip, two weeks ago. We saw then that at the time the water had a depth of more than 6 feet for cakes of ice, some of them weighing more than a ton, were left stranded on the hillside several feet above the level of our eyes. As we looked toward the river, the immense ice gorge, its top several feet above our heads blocked off its view. On two trees marks were made,

1055. \* On this trip as also on several of our previous ones, we frequently found houses with windows wide open. It seems as if our Tuberculosis Exhibition has already done much good. Where formerly we frequently commented on the closed windows, we now have occasion to comment on the wide open ones.

showing the height, one a wire, cut into the bark of a bush, and the other a string tied around the limb of a dead tree. Hundreds of trees have been taken along with the ice. In O. S. the villagers have already moved most of their effects to place of safety. At B'k the water has already been so high as to touch the porch and it is feared that with the next freshet the house will go. Portions of the road we found in an almost impassable condition, great blocks of ice, heaped several feet high occupying the road-way. One large block of ice, estimated to weigh nearly 3 tons was found resting against the railing of one of the foot-bridges. The <sup>river</sup> ice above the dam at O. S. is again frozen and the people at O. S. cross it. We, however thought it wise not to attempt it, because of the thawing weather. Because of it, the roads were in a dreadfully clumsy condition and our feet, notwithstanding rubber shoes were wet. They were so ~~wet~~ wet that we decided to build a fire and dry them. This we did beyond the ice but north of the village. It was nearly 5.30 P.M. when we started for Ichauta and the car terminus. We reached the latter a little before 7 o'clock.

<sup>518.</sup> February 13, 1904. A trip to "The Caves". I met Mr. W. at the ~~car~~ corner of Lexington & Howard Sts. where we took the Emory Grove car at 8.20 A.M. Mr. F. joined us later at the park. It was our intention to get off

at Tobin Station. On the car, however, we met a Mr. Griffin an old resident in the Owings Mills locality, and he advised us to get off at the Garrison Church Lane, and this we did. Mr. G. knew everybody in his section of the world. He knew old Tobin <sup>for</sup> after whom the station was named. Old T. was a grand rascal, from his account, quite wealthy, who raped a girl by giving her Spanish fly. The girl sued him for \$20,000 and got \$10,000. We asked him how he gave her the Spanish fly. "Why in candy" he said, "or in an apple by sticking pin-holes all over it and dropping the Spanish fly into them." He knew Mr. Dolfield, too, and he said, he was trying to cheat him out of \$31. Mr. D. is the president of one of our banks. Mr. G. said that Mr. D. told him to have the fence repaired and that he would pay half. Mr. G. said he had the fence repaired but now Mr. D. does not pay him. The car now reached Garrison Church Lane so we bade the old man good-bye. The weather was quite cold and bracing and the ground was covered with a light covering of snow which had fallen the afternoon before. The sun was shining beautifully and we hoped it would soon be warmer. There was, however, very little change in temperature. We walked up the lane and soon came to the church an historic old landmark. We walked through the little church-yard. It looked

beautiful in the morning sunlight. The light pretty snow covered  
everything so delicately and intensified the beauty of the place. We  
had been told that at the church we should turn to the right, but seeing  
a beautiful but old-timed home only a short distance down the  
hill we walked in that direction. We found it to be the home of  
Capt. Nichalem. Mr. W. rapped at the door, when a gruff voice  
answered "Come in". Mr. W. said, it sounded so peculiar that he  
thought he must be mistaken and rapped again. Again the gruff  
voice said and this time more emphatically "Come in". Mr. W. turned  
the knob and found himself in the presence of the captain. He  
asked the captain to direct us to "The Caves". This he was about to do  
and had already come out on in fact, but for some reason or other  
he again entered his home followed by Mr. W. and presently by Mr. F.  
I remained outside and examined the grounds and later had a chat  
with one of the captain's boys, when Mr. W. called me and I two entered  
the home. The room was most cozily furnished; the furniture for the  
most part old mahogany. The captain was just showing Mr. W. & Mr. F.  
some of the other rooms of the house. These like the first were also  
nicely furnished and everything was scrupulously clean. The captain called  
our attention to the two busts, one at each end of the mantel, two

Bonapartee. He showed us also the old staircase, now converted into a library, many choice volumes were no doubt here to be found. One side was reserved entirely for French works. Here were all the works of Voltaire, Moliere and the French poets. The captain seemed to be a man of about 60 yrs. of age, neat and military looking, fully 6 ft. tall. He chewed tobacco incessantly and spat out huge mouthfuls of tobacco-juice every few minutes. He was dressed in rather coarse and dirty looking garments; his trousers were tucked into the tops of his boots. He spoke rather guffaw and coarse but with all he was a most interesting, sociable and gentlemanly a man. After showing us his home, he showed us his barn. What a large, old-timed affair it was! On one of the stones was <sup>cut</sup> the year, 1769. In the barn-yard were the cattle. In the rear of the barn was a large affair for the grinding of corn. The captain's estate is a very large one and adjoins that of "The Canes". He pointed out the way <sup>to it</sup> across his fields. The captain had seen service in the Confederate army, he knew all the names of the officers and spoke entertainingly of many of them. We now bade the captain good-bye and started onward for "The Canes". We soon came to some lime-kilns, show-

ing that we were in a lime-stone locality. A short distance beyond the hill we met an old man<sup>leading a mule</sup>. We soon learned that he, too, had been in the Confederate army. He told us that at that time he was a boy, <sup>at the time</sup> he acted as messenger. Talking about the lies that he was obliged to tell, he said he had told more than he could account for. He had been caught a number of times by Union soldiers, but each time nothing incriminating was found upon him, although at one time, he said, he had paper between an insole and the sole of his boot. After the war was over, his father was very poor. He did not know what to do, but, "at last", he said, "I said, if there is nothing else to do, I will have to go to work", and to work he went. He showed us his house off in the distance across the field. He told us that a company now own "The Laver" and that they were trying to sell it in smaller farms. He showed us a place, where by allowing a ditch to be stopped up, a small lake had been formed. He said it was because of such carelessness that the place had become "run down" but that it really was ~~a~~ most productive land. We bade the old man good-bye and started in the direction of his homestead. We soon came to the temporary lake, now frozen over and beautifully covered with the light snow <sup>in the sunlight</sup>. It certainly was pretty, blue, <sup>in the sunlight</sup> on the ice and yet perfectly in the woods,

for the trees were everywhere and were surrounded by the ice. On the edge of the lake close to the path I saw the dried up stalk of some unknown plant. I thought, I had found something rare so took some of it along for examination. It proved to be *Chelone glabra*. A short distance beyond the lake we came to old Mr. F's homestead. We looked all about us for water, but seeing none, Mr. W. rapped at the door. Mr. F. a nice old lady, came to the door. She told us that we could get water at the barn and wished to get us a glass. This we told her was not necessary, thanked her kindly and proceeded towards the barn. Here we found the pump. As we were pumping, the pigs came running and clamored for water. The water was rather dirty with floating vegetable matter. Luckily, Mr. F. had a nice clean handkerchief which he tied over the spout and enough filtered water was soon obtained. A short distance from the pump was the woodc and here we betook ourselves. It did not take us long to build a fire, the water was soon boiled and the coffee prepared. Our little camp was beautifully located and we spent possibly two hours here chatting. Mr. F. had forgotten his cup, so went to the old homestead to borrow one. Mr. F. loaned him one most willingly. It was about 3 P.M. when we decided to continue our inspection of "The Canes". On Mr. F.

\* On this path found a turtle frozen tightly to the ground.

had to return the cup to Mr. P. we proceeded towards the old homestead. On the way, I collected buds of the Tulip-tree, also a few from the apple-tree in the orchard. Meeting Mr. P. Mr. F. gave him the cup and we proceeded in the direction of "The Cave". We came to a pretty path. It took us through pretty thickets and bits of swamp land. On the borders of the swamp were many specimens of a shrub with black berries in clusters. Each berry contained a large rounded round stone. I think it a species of Cornus, possibly *C. sericea*. Farther on we found *Hycopodium complanatum* in abundance. The entire region is beautiful and we feel sure it will be worth a visit in the spring. Before long we came to the new avenue, cut through "The Cave" property leading from Washington Valley into Green St. Valley. We followed the road a short distance, but then again went up the hillside towards "The Cave". On the roadside we found a beautiful tree that had been cut down, it had anastomosed in three different places. Before reaching "The Cave" we came to the home of Mr. Holmes and later we found him not far off burning brush. Every body we met talked about our great fire last Sunday and Monday, when about  $\frac{1}{4}$  sq.m. of the city burned, about 2400 houses were destroyed. In the little woodland which Mr. H. was clearing grew a few *Puccinaria* trees, all beautifully tall and straight.

with a diameter of about 9 miles at the base. It showed the effects of trees growing in close quarters. We now intended returning to Capt. Nicholson, but as we were crossing the field a pretty dog came towards us. Seeing that he came from a pretty residence, we decided to see it at closer range. On the side of the house above the coat of arms were the letters C. C. 1732 and below them were the letters .C and a later date. We soon learned that C. C. stood for Charles Carroll. We had at last reached "The Carroll". A large block of marble on which was carved "The Carroll", too, informed us of the fact. Not far off were several little children, two boys and a little girl playing with a goat. We now started across the field towards it. In the fruit field grew an abundance of an unrecognized plant I should have taken a specimen with me for closer inspection at home, but failed to do so. Beyond the fruit field was a large pile of sawdust and pieces of wood, showing where at one time stood a saw mill. We soon crossed the fields and were again at the old church. We again passed through the old church yard. This time we browsed and read some of the epitaphs. Several beautiful Yews stood on the path approaching the door of

the church. It was after 6 o'clock when we finally left the old church and started down the road to the car, and it was nearly 8 when I arrived home.

519.

February 15, 1904. Last night it hailed and snowed; the ground is therefore again covered. As I had to collect some birds, I started for my favorite ravine in Brooklyn about 8 A.M. I first of all collected some Sycamore buds. While collecting them, I thought of the colonies of *peacock* mites and looked carefully to see if any could be found, but without success. I took the path, past the old shanty. In the little ravine, the brush was plowing quite rapidly. In some of its slower moving parts *Spirogyra* was growing profusely. I was quite surprised to find, too, already, notwithstanding our very cold winter, seedlings of *Impatiens*. In the warm water *Chrysosplenium* too, was beginning to grow. Skunk Cabbage was every where and I was on the look-out for those peacock spathes, found so plentifully last year, that are as easily removed from the plant bases of cleavers were noticed just as frequently as last year and like <sup>the</sup> ~~them~~ at that time <sup>only</sup> ~~generally~~ in the water--growing specimens. My best find of the day was the finding of a pretty clump of *Hydrostachys obscurum*; in it was one specimen with a fertile spike. I marked a tree near which the clump was growing by tying a small piece of

rubber tubing to it. Not far from the tree was a fairly good-sized hollow tree. Both stood but a short distance away from the path around the base of the hill. As the day advanced, the wind began to blow and it became quite blustering.

<sup>520.</sup> February 20, 1904. With Mr. W. & Mr. F. We met at the Catonsville terminus at half past eight. Snow covered the ground everywhere to the depth of about 2 inches, but overhead the sun shone beautifully, not a cloud was visible all day. We went out the Frederick Rd till to the Rolling Rd, then along it to the first lane beyond the old Frederick Rd. We then went along this lane in the direction of the river. This was an entirely new route for Mr. W. & I, and we found it quite interesting. We had not proceeded very far when we observed, in a field to our right, a few robins. I was quite surprised to see them, for our winter has been unusually cold; it has, in fact, been the coldest in 33 yrs. Some people say in 40, perhaps so, but our Weather Bureau's reports date back only 33 yrs and this is the coldest winter recorded. We now have had very cold weather ~~the~~ since Nov. 20. But now since the robins have come perhaps it will begin to moderate. Our road was pretty easy to follow, we learned that it led to the pump-house at Union Dam.

When we got to the crest of the hill, however, it divided and we were undecided which fork to take. Luckily a little chatty stood close by and an old man was seen at the door. We asked him which was the way to Hollifields and he told us to take the left-hand road. As he had nothing to do, he said he would go with us and show us the way. He was 62 yrs old and had been living in the neighborhood all his life, so, of course, he knew all about the place. He thought Mr. W. older than himself and he was almost sure that he had seen Mr. F. before. He knew all about "spikenard" snakeroot, etc., etc., but there was one plant growing near his home that he did not know and could find no one who could tell him. He described the plant, as having thick fleshy leaves, ivy-shaped, growing on the hill-sides. I asked him, if it ever had flowers, but he did not think so, for he had never seen it in flower. I wonder if it is the Hepatica, he has seen? We soon reached the old pump-house, now not in operation. The doors were locked, because as our guide expounded it, there were "bilers" inside. He now, seeing that there was no good place to cross the river, decided to show us the way along the bank. He thought he would go with us as far as the "Shades of Death". Now this was something new for us, and I asked

1066.

\* One of the prettiest things observed on our way homeward was an old dried stalk of an aster, the fruits had long disappeared, but in this place today, filling up the involue were beautiful, clear, crystalline lumps of ice. The snow which had fallen into them yesterday, had melted, but before it could evaporate had frozen.

him who had given the name to the place, and he said that it had been called that as long as he knew the place. We, of course, were anxious to see the place and frequently asked him, if we had not yet reached it, only to find that we still had a short distance to go. In the course of conversation, he told me that there was some Spruce Pine on the hillside near the "Shade of Death". I, of course was at once desirous of seeing the Spruce Pine, but thought at once that it would prove to be the Hemlock, which it did. We soon arrived at the "Shade of Death", and we found, as I already had anticipated, that it was that particularly steep bank just before reaching H. Our guide left us just beyond the "Shade of Death". It was now a little past noon and we decided to look out for a camp. One was soon picked out, but Mr. W., feeling unwell, thought it too exposed, and so we decided to find another. This we did, across the stream, in a little ravine below H. Here we built a fire and ate our lunch. While we were eating a pretty red-bird appeared. It sang its sweet spring song. After dinner, we started homeward, reaching Ellicott City a little after five o'clock. We went through the town to the car terminus. It was then about 5.30, so we took a car for home. It was nearly seven o'clock when I arrived home.

521

February 22, 1904. Washington's Birthday. 4. M. A trip to Brooklyn. It was raining quite hard when I left home and continued to do so nearly the whole morning. It had been raining, for over 12 hrs., so most of the snow had been washed away. This made the roads in a very bad condition, the ice was still there, walking was, therefore quite difficult. I took the trip mainly to collect twigs, I hoped also to get the opportunity to examine some *Symplocarpus*, but managed to get only a few as either as I was anxious to get back home by noon.

The fruit of *Smilacina racemosa* may still be found. The plant, of course, has withered long ago, but the berries, still retain a great deal of their original freshness. Saw to-day a red-bird and also a blue-bird.

522

February 22, 1904. P. M. Left home about 1.30 P. M. for Catonsville. It has stopped raining, and the sun is shining beautifully, overhead it is an ideal spring day. Reached the terminus about 2.30 P. M. and proceeding down Hilton Av. to Orange Grove. The old man we met Saturday in speaking about Catonsville said there was a place there that was called Hell-town but now they call it Hilton. I doubt very much that this is so. As I walked along, I collected a number of twigs. It was about 3.30 P. M. when I reached the mill. The stream has again risen and no trace of the dam is visible. Mr. B's house is still safe. Ice is piled

up everywhere. Unless the stream becomes strong enough to carry it all away, there will no doubt be some of it still here in June. The people of the village are obliged to go to I. to cross. Mr B. was busy fixing a pipe for the mill. I asked him if the mill had been damage by the ice, he said it had, that there were from 6 to 7 ft of water in the cellar. From O. b. I went to the ravine. The break to-day was a raging torrent. I found it quite difficult to get along in some places because of ice. I was therefore obliged to walk very slowly. A short distance beyond Camp Cog, I decided to cross the break. I found it a very difficult undertaking. Having crossed I proceeded to Owl Spring. It is completely hidden under the leaves. I searched carefully in the swampy place for Skunk Cabbage and at last found one. Having ~~the~~ brought the thermometer I decided to make use of it. I first took note of the temperature, immediately outside of the epithel. I found it to be  $3^{\circ}\text{C}$ , whereas inside of the epithel it was  $3\frac{3}{5}^{\circ}\text{C}$ . a difference of  $1^{\circ}\text{F}$ . I then found the temperature of the soil surrounding the epithel, it was  $5^{\circ}\text{C}$ ; it, therefore was  $3^{\circ}\text{F}$ . warmer than inside of the epithel. No trace of the *Lycopodium* could be found. The transplanted *Hepatica* is holding its own. From the spring, I proceeded to the car. terminus, arriving there about 5.30 P.M.

February 27, 1904. A trip with Mr. W. and Mr. F. We met at the Wilken Av. terminus at about half past eight o'clock. The light snow that fell yesterday afternoon covered the ground. It was cloudy and it looked as if it might snow. The Weather Bureau predicted snow for the day, notwithstanding, it did not, instead, towards noon, the sun shone. We proceeded towards the B. & P. railroad tracks and then along them to Arbutus. We turned off to see the quaint little burial ground on the hillside. We were very much surprised to find that the pretty Junipers that had decorated the place, had been cut down. The little cemetery no longer looks as if it is being cared for. Near it we found seedlings of *Ailanthus glandulosa*, very stout stalks of a single year's growth. The leaf-arrangement could be seen clearly. Its phyllotaxy is on the  $\frac{1}{3}$  plan. Arrived at A., we proceeded along the Sulphur Sp. Rd. and then along the Cannon Rd. We did not go all the way to Avalon, but turning in at S'e, soon reached the little ravine of Silvertray. It was now noon, so we found a nice place close to the brook and here we built a fire, prepared coffee, warmed the codfish cakes and ate our dinner. After dinner I climbed the hillside, I looked carefully for traces of early spring blossoms, but found none. The ground is quite frozen. I walked

\*<sup>xx</sup> Camptosorus was quite plentiful on one of the rocks.

\* Some were taken home, these started to bloom beautifully a week later. 1070

\*<sup>xx</sup> Young vigorous shoots of Rhine glabra.

up stream, keeping on the left bank, a short distance. Daria palustris was found very abundantly. Another shrub, also quite abundant, but which I failed to recognize, was observed. Its leaves <sup>with serrated edge</sup> are alternate. Most of the plants observed were quite conspicuous, because of singular gall-like excrescence that had been formed near the base of a great many of the leaves. I cut open one of these galls and found in it three small developing insects. How strange that the leaves thus attacked, remain on the plant, whereas all the others fall. I must go to the place again later in the year and note development.

Returning to the camp, I crossed the brook and proceeded along the path, up stream quite a distance. I was charmed with what I saw. The path is beautiful, as is also the surrounding woodland; but the brook is grand. As one goes up stream, the scenery becomes more rugged. In some places pretty little cascades were observed. I proceeded as far as several large rocks <sup>\*\*\*</sup> beautifully fern- and moss-covered and then returned to the camp. As soon as I returned, we broke up camp, and proceeded toward the station. Several pretty stalks of the Sumach <sup>\*\*\*</sup> were growing out from the camp. I was very much pleased to find upon examination, that the leaves were arranged on the  $\frac{2}{3}$  plan. We had not proceeded far

when Mr. F. noticed that he had lost one of his gloves, we returned to the camp and searched, but failed to find it. We again started for the station. Arrived at 6, we proceeded along the track to Hilton Av. and then up the avenue to the car terminus. At the mill we learned that Mr. P. was no longer there, Mr. Felsch now has charge. Mr. W. too, is no longer in the office.

<sup>524</sup> February 29, 1904. A dark dull day with rain at frequent intervals. My trip to-day was to Brooklyn and vicinity to collect specimens of twigs to show phyllotaxy and also to see the Skunk Cabbage. Along the road side I found many plants of *Rhus typhina*. These I eagerly examined for I thought that they too might possibly be ~~on~~ on the  $\frac{2}{7}$  plan. I found however that they were on the  $\frac{2}{5}$  plan. Soon afterwards, I found also *R. glabra*, and found that it likewise had its leaves arranged on the  $\frac{2}{5}$  plan. I next stopped to examine the leaf-arrangement of *Robinia Pseudacacia*. The first plant I observed I found that the leaves had been arranged on the  $\frac{2}{5}$  plan. Having counted out the arrangement most carefully, I possibly would not have given it further thought, but suddenly it came in my mind that I had determined its phyllotaxy to be the  $\frac{1}{2}$  arrangement on my trip a week ago: So I studied another branch, and sure

enough it was arranged on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  plan. I looked again and I found also the  $\frac{1}{3}$  plan. I soon saw that every twig was built on the same plan, near the tip it was  $\frac{1}{2}$  then  $\frac{1}{3}$  then sometimes  $\frac{1}{4}$  and finally  $\frac{2}{5}$ , most generally  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$  and  $\frac{2}{5}$ . The twig, therefore, when it first begins to grow in the spring and is growing vigorously arranges its leaves on the  $\frac{2}{5}$  plan reducing it as its vigor declines to the  $\frac{1}{3}$  plan and finally to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  plan. I next examined the cane of the raspberry the leaves here were arranged on the  $\frac{1}{3}$  plan, and so also did I find those on the blackberry. Upright shoots of *Rhus toxicodendron* were also examined these were arranged on the  $\frac{1}{3}$  plan. I passed through the little ravine and then took the path leading along the shore. Skunk cabbage everywhere! and plenty of those curious elongated spathes which so readily pull out from the plant. In one place, I found a nice specimen, so cut to work to dig it up. To do this I had first to remove a solid covering of the ice four inches thick. I now understood what the face was that had produced the cleavage effects. The water in freezing forms a firm hold around the spadix, and expanding breaks it from the plant. It was now noon, so I ate my lunch.

After dinner I searched for the spot where I had found the printed specimen of *Hydropodium obscureum*. At first I searched for some time in vain, but at last came upon the hollow tree, when even afterwards I found the spot. I observed that if I stand on the hollow side of the tree and walk towards the first large tree in sight I will go in a direct line towards the *Hydropodium*.

I continued my search in the swampy ground, but with the exception of a few seeds of the Skunk Cabbage, found nothing of particular interest. I soon after made for the road and then for home.

<sup>525</sup> March 5, 1904, To Stony Run. We met at the Wilkins Av. terminus

Mr. F. was already there when Mr. W., whom I met in the car, and I arrived. It was 8.30 A.M. The sun was shining brightly. The air was cool and bracing. During the day, the temperature became slightly warmer, but at no time was it above  $34^{\circ}$  F, notwithstanding there was plenty of mud about now. We went out the avenue to the P & P tracks and then walked along the railroad to a point beyond the B & O road. Here, to the left, we observed a pretty piece of low land. Through it a pretty stream meandered. We descended to it and at a short distance east of the railroad, managed to cross, it being in most places quite wide. The stream, at this point, approached quite

\* On the tree near our camp we found another lichen, *Frullania dilatata* 1074.

\*\* Found to be *Bryoria trichodes*.

close to a beautiful little hillside. On it we found *Porella*<sup>13</sup> growing, also a small quantity of *Lycopodium lucidulum*. We now followed the stream a short distance, keeping on its left bank, through its wide flood plain, overgrown with willows and now covered with a fine deposit of silt. After following the stream a short distance, and seeing that we were getting away from the railroad, we decided to leave it. We had just found a place, where we thought we might camp, when Mr. F. suddenly slipped and plunged with both feet into the water. Mr. W. suggested that we build a fire at once & that Mr. F. dry himself before we proceed farther. This was done. We found a ~~very~~ little place; a fire was soon blazing and in the course of an hour, Mr. F. was again fairly comfortable. It was then half past eleven so we decided to prepare coffee and eat our dinner. We had found the place already in the forenoon somewhat muddy, but now it was very much so, in fact, Mr. W. & I, both said, that we never yet had camped in so muddy a place. After dinner, we examined the hillside. Arbutus was found but not very plentifully. Its buds this year are very backward. Finding the plain now, so very muddy, we decided to keep to the hillside, to the road which we saw a short distance off. We reached the road in a little while and then followed it to the railroad. The road led through the plain, and

was even more muddy than it. The Dogwood with its twigs beautifully purple colored with the spring tints, attracted our attention, also those of the willows. For some time we have been observing these pretty tints and how they are becoming more and more noticeable with the advent of each week. When we reached the railroad we proceeded toward Stoney Run. Once only did we turn aside to examine a piece of wet woodland to the left. Here I found several pretty Puff-balls. When we reached S. R. we explored the place for Skunk Cabbage. It was very plentiful. Seeing a specimen which I thought might be easily gotten up, I began to dig. It, however was not so easy to get out. I dug for some time and for some distance below the upper crown of roots, I then took a stout piece of wood which I used as a lever to try to pull the plant from the soil. After much work, I managed to get the plant out, but not without breaking it off for a large portion of its rhizome which remained firmly rooted in the soil. Examining the upper portion of rhizome just above the roots I saw plainly the finally arranged floral scars. The roots showed most beautifully the wonderful contractile fibers which constantly bring the ever rising terminal bud below the soil. One curiously misshapen spathe was found which contained two spadices.



p1075.

525.

